

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY

### The Footsteps of Decey.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted, in that language, except the "Ode to Louis de Leon."

Oh, let the soul its slumbers break,  
Arouse its senses, and awake,  
To see how soon  
Life, in its glories, glides away,  
And the firm footsteps of decay  
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide  
Down which our precious minutes glide  
Away so fast,  
Let us the present hour employ,  
And deem its future dream a joy  
A ready past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,  
No happier let us hope to find  
To-morrow than to-day;  
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,  
Like them the present shall delight—  
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be  
That into the engulfing sea  
Are doomed to fall—  
The sea of death, whose waves roll on  
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,  
Alike the humble rivulets glide  
To that sad way,  
Death levels poverty and pride,  
The rich and poor sleep side by side  
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal;  
There all our glittering toys are brought—  
The path alone, of all unthought,  
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth  
Are all those glittering toys of earth  
That lure us here—  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;  
Alas! before it bids us wake  
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight  
The cheek's pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away;  
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—  
Age came and laid his finger there—  
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred decay,  
The steps that roved so light and gay,  
The heart's blithe tone?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows wearisome with woe  
When age comes on.

## STORY TELLER.

### Christmas Cheer.

"Has Vial Abbs been past yet? asked a woman eagerly, as she ran into Mr. Bolsford's shop, with a large parcel in her arms.

"No, Mrs. Nelson, you're in time enough. No, I haven't seen anything of him. 'Tis too early yet by an hour; he's always late Christmas week, is Vial."

"Oh, I'm glad he's not gone," she returned, leaning her arm on the counter, breathless with hurrying and carrying her heavy parcel; "these things are for my daughter, and I wouldn't like to be too late. 'Tis a sad Christmas for her, poor thing, but she can't give up all hope."

"Heard nothing yet, I suppose?" "No, not a word. I expect the ship's gone down, Mr. Bolsford," added the woman in a lower tone. "Jim Mason was too good a husband not to send her a line if he was alive and well. He's been gone ten months and more now—him that was never away half the time before. And my poor daughter's fretting after him so—she that weakly she can't come up to get a few things for the children. I'd go down to her for Christmas, but they can't do without me at the Hall. I'd just as soon have spent the day alone in my cottage, and a deal sooner, with my daughter, but Mrs. Summers, she says, 'We can't do without you on Christmas-day, Mrs. Nelson; be sure you come to the Hall early.' So I must go up," she said with an important air, evidently considering she was granting a favor in going to the Hall, rather than receiving one from the family who had always been so kind to her.

"To be sure, you are an important person; a good cook like you is always wanted," said Mr. Bolsford, turning away to some customers.

"Well," said the old woman at last, "it's no good my waiting any longer; Vial don't hurry himself at any time, least of all in Christmas week."

"He don't stop drinking, any way," said the shopkeeper, almost sharply, for he knew that Mr. Nelson did not object to a glass of beer, or even gin or brandy occasionally.

"Oh, dear, no, of course not. Why Vial's been a total abstainer ever since he was quite a young man. Dear me, I don't think he could drink if he tried. Why it was him as made a teetotaler of my son-in-law, Jim Mason."

"He never made one of you, Mrs.

Nelson," replied Mr. Bolsford, laughing.

"No," she said, good humoredly, "you see an old woman like me wants a drop now and then. 'Tis different with young folks."

"Vial Abbs isn't particularly young."

"Well, no; but then he's peculiar."

The grocer laughed. And Mrs. Nelson, finding the conversation was getting rather personal got up to go.

"You'll see Vial take my parcel. Mr. Bolsford; I wouldn't like my daughter to fail in getting it. There are things she'll want in it."

"I'll see about it. It will be all right here. A happy Christmas to you, Mrs. Nelson. It don't seem as if we should have a snowy one."

"No maybe not. But 'tis cold enough," and she gathered her warm shawl closely round her as she went out.

About half an hour after, the heavy creaking sound of the carrier's cart was heard coming down the street, and Vial Abbs walked into the grocer's shop. He was a stout man of about sixty years of age, with a clear blue eyes and cheerful face; his long coat was buttoned up to the chin as he walked in with a firm step. But though he drove a pair of horses, there was one thing you never saw in Vial's hand, and that was a whip.

"A good driver didn't need one," he said; "any way, a carrier didn't. The horses went as fast as he wished, and did their work well, and what more would you have."

The horses justified their master's praise: fine strong animals they were, one brown and the other gray, well cared for too, and almost as intelligent as a human being. When they heard their master's step or voice, they pricked up their ears and tossed their heads, quite understanding all he said, and evidently on very good terms with him.

"Good afternoon; a happy Christmas to you, Mr. Bolsford; any parcels for me?"

"Yes, I've three or four: these baskets for Apperly, and this parcel for Mrs. Mason; her mother just brought it in."

"Ay, poor body, I'm glad to take her any thing down; 'tis a sad Christmas for her without her husband. A fine fellow is Jim Mason; I'd give any thing to know where he is."

And Vial sighed as if he felt the trouble deeply.

"I expect you've got a pretty good load this week?" asked the grocer.

"Yes; pretty high as much as I carry. I'm a bit late, we must get off. I'll just run in and get a cup of coffee next door, and then we shall be all right."

Vial went out and hastily tied a bag of corn over each horse's head, that they might have some refreshments as well as their master. Then bidding "Trusty" watch, he went into the coffee house.

Some young men were there who began joking Vial on leaving his cart with all its contents in the street without any one to watch.

"You might have half the goods stolen," they said.

"You think so? returned Vial quietly, as he sat by the warm fire, sipping the steaming coffee.

"Why, what's to hinder? There's no one in the cart."

"My dog Trusty is there, and he'll be true to his trust."

"A dog! No dog could keep me from taking anything out of the cart, if I choose."

Vial smiled. "Trusty would let you put anything in, but he won't allow you to take anything out of the cart in my absence."

"I'll try," said the young man going out.

"Take care, Jobson; you are running into danger."

There was Trusty leaning with his fore-foot on the splash-board, evidently quite alive to the fact that he was in full charge of the cart. He watched the young man carefully, but made no noise till he attempted to mount the cart when the dog gave a warning growl. Jobson paid no heed, but put out his hand and snatched one of the parcels inside the cart; then Trusty with a deeper growl caught him by the coat, and held him fast, showing his teeth, and evidently determined to his duty.

"Mr. Abbs! Mr. Abbs!" shouted Jobson, in terror of being bitten. "Call him off, oh, do come! I shall be killed!"

"You'd no call to tease him," said Vial, quietly, coming out of the house. "You can let him go, Trusty," he added, and the dog seeing his master there, let go his hold, though growl-

ing all the time, as if he felt the young man was not safe company.

"Maybe you'll believe what I say, another time, Jobson, and will learn not to touch other people's things."

"He's a rare, queer dog," returned the young man, keeping at a respectful distance; "I'll take care not to come too near him again."

The feeding-bags were taken away from the horses, and Vial got into the cart, gathered up the reins and set off.

"You're a good fellow, Trusty," he said, patting the dog's head; "I knew you'd do your duty. Here's a biscuit; you don't often get one, but 'tis Christmas time and you deserve it."

The cart had been slowly going along the frosty road for some time, under the star-lit sky, and they were some way out of the little market-town, when Vial saw the dim outline of a man's figure getting over a stile in the road. It came up to him and asked:

"Can you give me a lift?"

The voice was pleasant, though it sounded tired, and Trusty did not growl, so Vial felt sure he might safely grant the request.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"To Stenton, I've had a long walk, and am not very strong, and feel as if I could hardly go any further."

"Well, get in. See, there's a place there at the back."

They drove on in silence for a while, and then Vial turned around, and asked: "Do you know these parts at all?"

"Oh yes, I know them well," and he raised himself on his elbow to speak.

"Don't lean on that parcel, 'tis Christmas cheer for Mrs. Mason. I think there's cakes in it for the children, and they will, I fear, get crushed."

"Mrs. Mason!" repeated the man.

"Yes, poor thing, her husband went to sea some ten months ago, and she's never heard, of him since and fears he's lost. She's been very ill with fretting."

After a moment's pause, the man asked in a husky voice: "Is she better?"

"Not much; she never will be till she hears of her husband. He was a fine fellow, I loved him like my own."

"God bless you!" said the man gently; "then you don't know me, Vial!"

"What!" exclaimed the carrier in an excited tone, jerking up the horses in a manner most unusual to him; "Jim! Is it really you?" And he peered into the darkness.

"Yes, it's me, Mr. Abbs, come back at last."

"God bless you, Jim, God bless you; let me see your face. Aye, what a blessing for your wife! I said I'd some Christmas cheer for her, but I little thought how much! I wondered Trusty didn't growl, he mostly does at strangers; he must have known your voice. Aye, what a blessing to see you again."

"And my poor wife's ill," said Jim, slowly.

"I'll with fretting my lad, but the sight of you'll cure her. Aye, what a Christmas for her, thank God!" And he took off his hat, and looked up reverently toward the stars.

"Yes," said Jim. "'Tis all of God's doing. He has been wonderfully good to me. I was shipwrecked off the coast of America, and was picked up by a ship going to Australia. They couldn't put back for me, of course, and we saw no other of the crew. I wrote from Australia to my wife, and—"

"She never got it," broke in Vial.

"Well, I wrote, and said I'd come back as soon as I could get a ship, but I was taken ill, and only landed last night. I came by train as far as I could, and then I walked."

"Aye, 'tis a happy Christmas," was all Vial's reply; "why didn't you tell me it was you at first?"

"I was afraid to ask about my wife. I knew she'd fret after me, and I daren't ask about her. I wondered if you'd know me. I was glad to see the old cart as I came into the road; I hoped I should hear something."

"Poor fellow! It will be all right now; your wife will soon pick up when she has you at home."

They were just entering Stenton, and the cart stopped near Mrs. Mason's door. A pale, thin woman opened it.

"Well, Mrs. Mason," said Vial, his voice brimming over with joy, "I've brought you some Christmas cheer."

"You're very kind," she said softly; "but it doesn't seem much like Christmas."

"God can make it Christmas," he said, brightly, "I've got a bit of news for you."

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly, grasping his arm, as he stood beside

her on the road; have you heard of Jim?" And she breath-

"Yes; now don't cry, he's alive and well."

She gave a great sob, and looking at Abbs, asked, "Where is he?"

But Jim could contain himself no longer; he jumped out of the cart, and clasped his wife in his arms, while Trusty sprang round them, wagging his tail with delight, though no one paid him the smallest attention.

"Well, well," said Vial, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand; a happy Christmas to you both, and every blessing." And climbing into the cart again, he drove off, saying to himself, "I'll go and see them again to-morrow; 'tis best to leave them alone now. Aye, I little thought what I was taking her; 'tis the best load of Christmas cheer I ever carried."

### A Cavalryman's Story.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" was fully exemplified in the case of a Wyoming county man, who met a wonderful surprise while traveling through the west. Mr. A. K. Wynkoop was one of the first to join the army of the boys in blue, called to the field by President Lincoln's summons of 75,000 men, continuing to serve gallantly throughout the great war in the Potomac army with company A, Eighth New York cavalry. On November 27th, his mother received a letter from him containing the following remarkable incident, as published in the Rochester Post-Express:

You will recollect the letter I wrote home when with the eighth cavalry, of an engagement where we were taken by surprise by the confederates, and our regiment became so mixed up that it was hard to tell the boys in blue or the boys in gray, and that I had shot and killed a confederate colonel named C. A. Not of the eighth Virginia cavalry, and the letter sent you by Captain C., relating the exploit and praising my value in the fight? Well, now I have to relate the greatest surprise of my life. Day before yesterday, while going to Red Oak, I was caught in a bad storm, and, after stopping at several houses on the road in quest of shelter. I stopped at one where I got a welcome, the man who answered my call had not the heart to turn any one away in such a storm. He took my horse and put it in the barn, and then invited me into the house. Soon supper was announced and we sat down.

Looking more closely at my host, I thought his features had a familiar appearance, yet I could not remember where I had ever seen him. He had a bad scar across his forehead, and to satisfy my curiosity, I asked him where and how he had got the hurt. He replied: "I was in the war, and if you like will tell the story."

He said: I was colonel of the eighth Virginia cavalry, and on the morning of December 24, 1864, at a place called New Market, Virginia, our regiment was ordered out to surprise the yankees. We expected to find them asleep, but found one regiment of the union boys up and mounted. We charged with sabres so as to make as little noise as possible; but our boys became mixed up with the yankees, so that we could hardly tell one from the other, it being just before dawn. I got after a young man who rode a fine bay horse, and as I wanted the horse I tried hard to capture him; and just as I supposed I had him, he suddenly turned in his saddle and fired. The ball struck me in the head and I fell to the ground, where two hours after I was picked up for dead, and it was only by the merest chance that I escaped being buried with thirty-one others. It was three months ere I could again join my regiment. I was reported dead to the general."

While the man told this story I was nervously interested, and when he had finished I rose and offered him my hand. He looked bewildered. I said: "So you were a Johnnie and belonged to the eighth Virginia cavalry?"

"Yes," he replied, and I asked him if the boy he was after rode a bay mare with white feet. He said "Yes." I then said: "Was not the reason you got mixed up that morning because one of your men rode up to a man on the union side and asked, 'What regiment is that?' and he replied 'The eighth,' instead of giving the state?"

He said "Yes," and then I said: "Well I am the man who rode the bay mare, and also the man that made that scar on your forehead, but I thought I had killed you as you fell to the ground without a moan, with the blood gushing from your temple. This is a great

surprise to me, and I am glad my bullet did not prove fatal."

I remained over night with him, and we sat up telling our history to each other. He was as much surprised as myself, and his good wife could not do enough for me while I was there, but wanted me to bring you and sister here from New York to see them. He is now a farmer, with 250 acres of good land.

### Confidence Kate.

The return trip is down Fourth avenue over to Broadway, and thence back to the ferry again. On the road you make the acquaintance of another type of passenger who frequents the Broadway stage. A well-dressed young man, whose air is that of the city, but not of the metropolis, occupies a seat among several other passengers. He is evidently from an interior city, and if he does feel like a novice in New York, is determined to keep it to himself. Between Fourteenth and Tenth street a lady of apparently 25 or 30 years, modest, demure and elegantly dressed enters the stage. The only seat next to the young gentleman from out of town, and she takes it. When he puts her fare in the box she thanks him with the most faintly discernible smile and the slightest glance from a pair of handsome dark eyes. A moment afterward she drops a parcel, which the young man gallantly picks up. She apologizes for giving him so much trouble, and he responds that it is a pleasure. The other passengers begin to look interested and amused, particularly a sleepy appearing old man by the door. The lady evidently asks the young gentleman for some information relative to the streets, and before Canal street is reached they are in earnest conversation, and the young man occasionally glances about the stage with modest triumph. He feels quite sure that there is nobody else in the stage with whom the lady would talk so unreservedly on so short an acquaintance—and he is right. When Chamber street is reached the lady and the young gentleman, to the amusement of the spectators of the little scene, get up to leave the stage together. The lady is half down the steps and the gentleman is leaving the door when the old man in the corner inquires:

"I beg you pardon, sir. Are you acquainted with that lady?"

"What business is that of yours?" asks the young gentleman, haughtily.

"None in particular," replies the old man, carelessly throwing open his coat and showing a detective's badge, "only I thought you might be interested to know she is an ex-State prison convict, known as 'Confidence Kate.' You will notice she didn't wait after she recognized me." Sure enough, "Confidence Kate" is far away, industriously mixing herself up with the madding crowd.

"Why—why, stammers the young gentleman, in a pitiable state of humiliation; "why, she told me she was—she asked me the way to the Hoboken ferry, and I offered to show her. I didn't—"

"Are your watch and money safe interrupts the detective.

The young man's face turned ashen, and he hurriedly goes through his pockets and replies with an expression of relief, "I don't miss anything."

"You're lucky," says the other coldly, and the young gentleman from out of town sinks into a seat, while the blushes on his face boil into a blood pudding, and when he gets out at Warren street there arises a roar of cruel laughter in that stage which makes the windows rattle.

Down to the ferry rolls the stage again, where its last passenger is discharged. Again the horse voiced man, with the damaged hat, grasps it by the door rail, and again he shouts, "Right up Broadway, now! Right up Broadway! Take this stage right up Broadway!"—N. Y. Times.

### Better Work.

"What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," was a motto that adorned the walls of an old academy far away among the hills, years ago, but the truth of the adage remains the same, and never has there been a time when the demand for good work, the very best work that men and women can do, was greater than now.

Systematic order is the cornerstone of all successful undertakings, physical, mental or moral, and we think we may add, even spiritual. What could a man accomplish in his ordinary business, or a woman in her household

arrangements, that had no regard to time, or place, or method? Our schools are founded on systems. Our churches are established on this basis.

We say, "the system of the universe;" "the planetary system;" "order is Heaven's first law;" thus proving our constant and unconscious acknowledgment of this fact. After the time is fixed for the doing, and the place, comes the way thereof, which should always, everywhere, be the best, and whatever we undertake we should study to do it in the best possible way. Consider it for yourselves; pay attention; and then go forward and do it, though the heavens fall. If we stop to advise with all our friends, first trying this way, and then that, we will probably fail where we should have succeeded. Our business should be to thoroughly master the thing in hand for ourselves; then do it in our own way. If we ever accomplish anything of any value we must be constant in our endeavor; self-denying, persistent, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. It was the dogged persistence that caused Richmond to surrender. The most successful men do not win their victories by words. "We often hear; 'O, it's easy to talk!'" The minister knew how easy when he told his congregation to do as he said, not as he did. Everything worth having in this world is the price of some sort of labor. "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto eternal life."

In the above connection we are led to consider the value of time of others. Something is due to courtesy, and the maintaining of friendly relations; but all this requires considerate attention for others, consideration for their time and duties. There are people in the world who never seem to have anything to do, and no special object in life. They answer to swell the census account; perhaps to educate others in patience, like flies and mosquitoes; but really such remedies seem worse than most diseases. They seem like those people whom a Swedenborgian lady remarked "would never come up." Why should they? They never did anything when they were up. This accorded with an idea of the resurrection, and we confess to having some sympathy with it at certain times. Boarding-house ladies, as a rule, are great wasters, not only of their own time, but of that of others. They seem to regard it as something to be disposed of and forgotten as soon as possible; but remember that the whole human family are served alike in this matter, and that each must give account for himself. What we might have been, under the circumstances is what we are required to be. We have no right to waste our own time in a just view of the subject; but for this we are the losers, and must give an account for ourselves. When we waste another's time, we defraud him of a portion of his property as truly as if we took a well-filled purse from his pocket. Have we a right to exclude air and sunshine from another, because it is free to all? Do the moon and the stars shine for us only? Shall we say to another: "So much shalt thou have, and no more?" Dr. Gregory, of our agricultural college, once said: "All true study must be solitary." If this be so, how many true students do we have? Of all the treasures vouchsafed us by kind heaven, this of time is one of the richest and most sacred. Let us use and not abuse it.

### Hints for Love-Making.

First catch your lover.  
Hold him when you have him.  
Don't let go of him to catch every new one that comes along.

Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life. Don't make up your mind that he is an angel.

Don't palm yourself off on him as one, either.

Don't let him spend his salary on you; that right should be reserved till after marriage.

If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother, say so in time, that he may get rid of her to oblige you, or get rid of you to oblige her, as he thinks best.

If you object to secret societies and tobacco, it is better to come out with your objection now than to reserve them for certain lectures hereafter.

If your adorer happens to fancy a certain shade of hair, don't color or bleach to oblige him. Remember your hair belongs to you and he doesn't.

Be very sure it is a man you are in love with, and not the clothes he wears.

Fortune and fashion are both so fickle it is foolish to take a stylish suit for better or worse.

If you intend to keep three servants after marriage, settle the matter before hand. The man who is making love to you may expect you to do your own washing.

Don't try to hurry up a proposal by carrying on a flirtation with some other fellow. Different men are made of different material, and the one you want may go off in a fit of jealousy and forget to come back.

If you have a love-letter to write don't copy it out of a "Letter Writer." If your young man ever happened to consult the same book, he would know your sentiments are borrowed.

Don't marry a man to oblige any third person in existence. It is your right to suit yourself in the matter. But remember at the same time that love is blind, and a little friendly advice from one whose advice is worth having may insure you a lifetime of happiness or prevent one of misery.

In love affairs always keep your eyes wide open, so that when the right man comes along you may see him.

When you do see him you will recognize him, and the recognition will be mutual.

If you have no fault to find with him personally, financially, conscientiously, socially, morally, politically, religiously or any other way, he is probably perfect enough to suit you, and you can afford to—

Believe him;  
Hope in him;  
Love him;  
Marry him.

### HE JUMPED OFF.

People who jump off the cars while they are in motion usually have leisure enough to repent of it by and by—unless their last jump kills them outright. The Newark Call paints here with no sparing of colors the appearance of the man who wanted to "save time."

Last Wednesday, a man on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western road met an acquaintance, who may be called Higgins, on the train which left New York at six o'clock. Higgins carried his left arm in a sling, and walked with a limp. His face was seamed with ugly scars, and ornamented on the chin with a rosette of crossing strips of court plaster. Dark blood had settled in a pool under each eye. His nose, besides being in an attitude of ungraceful flatness, had much of the appearance of raw beef, and one ear had lost its shape.

"In the name of goodness, Higgins, what has happened to you?" asked his friend. "Been ground up in a stone-crusher?"

"No," was the reply, sadly spoken. "What is it, then? Have you had a tumble through a hatchway?"

"No."

"Did your ceiling come down on you in your sleep?"

"O no, nothing of that kind."

"You had no unpleasantness with one of the wildcats when over at Barnum's, I hope."

Higgins did not seem to enjoy this jocular questioning. Finally he asked:—"Do you still jump off the train going up the hill? If so, I must warn you against it."

"Well," said the other.

"I thought," went on Higgins, "you told me the 5.50 train from New York was a slow train, and last Thursday night I stayed aboard of it until we got to Sheffield Street, because it was so much nearer home. We were going very fast; but I got on the rear platform of the last car and jumped in the way you showed me. I had landed all right at other times, but now I was whirled in the air, and when I came down my head went plunging into the ground with the force of a mud-digger."

"I was stunned, and lay alongside the track for a minute or two. The blood poured from all these cuts, and by the time I had staggered home I was a horrible sight. The doctor said he never knew a man so mused up and alive. I've been in bed five days, and with my knee nearly smashed, this wrist sprained, and my face feeling as if a harrow had been over it, I ought to be there yet. Hereafter I won't jump off even a horse-car until it comes to a dead stop."

No persons, be they in ever so humble circumstances, but what have some quality of mind that entitles them to an equality with their fellow-beings.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1883.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## A Deaf-Mute Artist Abroad.

THE daily papers of this city, in announcing the opening of the International Fine Art Exhibition at Rome, by the King and Queen of Italy, accompanied by the Prince of Naples, places at the head of the American artists who had exhibits, the name Albert Ballin. All New Yorkers, and a great many mutes of other States, know the young man who has secured so high an honor as that just bestowed upon him. He is a deaf-mute, and was educated at the New York Institution, graduating about five years ago. Although quite a young man, he is possessed of great talent, probably inherited from his father, who is proprietor of a large lithographing establishment in this city, and who is an artist of no mean repute. We are proud to chronicle the successes of a young deaf-mute in a foreign land, and in the home of the greatest artists the world has produced. Out of 12,000 pictures sent in, only 3,000 were accepted. We understand that Mr. Ballin had three pictures on exhibition, a description of which we have been promised for the JOURNAL.

## Levee at Salem, Mass.

POSSIBLY many of the JOURNAL readers entertain the opinion that the Levees of the season are at an end. There certainly is good ground for such an opinion, especially as there have been balls and levees on all sides during the last two months. But we present to the public gaze an advertisement in this issue which announces a grand Levee to be held by the mutes of Salem, Mass., on the 22d of February. The charge for admission is very low, the preparations are extensive, and the anticipations of a grand time are unusually great. It is hoped by the management that New Englanders will avail themselves of this last opportunity of the season to enjoy a night of pleasure and gaiety with old friends and school companions.

## Reduction in Letter Postage.

AFTER the 1st of July, 1883, the postage on domestic letters will be two cents for every half ounce, instead of three cents, as at present. Subscribers sending us the fraction of a dollar in postage stamps, will confer a favor by sending two-cent stamps.

## To Subscribers.

UP to the present time, the number of competitors for the \$30 in prizes, which we offer to those who send in the largest number of new subscribers before April 14th, is not very large. Any deaf-mute who can get half a dozen or a dozen subscribers stands a good chance of taking one of the premiums offered. This is the best time to secure new names—the best time to solicit, and the best for the new subscriber, inasmuch as he will have the JOURNAL from the beginning to the end of a year. The present year will be an eventful one in deaf-mute circles. The National Convention will be held, likewise several State conventions, and all reliable news regarding preliminary arrangements, as well as full reports of the meetings, will be published in this paper. Some deaf-mutes say they can not afford to subscribe; but we do not see how they can afford to do without the JOURNAL, presuming that they are interested in deaf-mute happenings and the deaf-mutes at large. The JOURNAL costs only three cents a week, and gives, in exchange for that small sum of money, twenty-eight columns of interesting, instructive and entertaining reading matter. We ask all our readers to send us one new subscriber.

# ITEMIZER.

## News From Every State in the Union.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

A mute turns a deaf ear to flattery.

An unpeckable blessing—a dumb wife.

In answer to an inquirer, Mrs. Fred Stratton's address is Paskack, Bergen Co., New Jersey.

An intimate friend of Isaac Kaufman would like to know his whereabouts through the JOURNAL.

Newton Parson, of Willimantic, Ct., was recently entertained by Mr. Badlong, of Providence, R. I.

Mr. F. A. Platt, Principal of the Michigan Institution, was married, on January 17th, to Miss Annie Clark, of Flint, Mich.

A passenger on a steamboat was struck speechless while getting up the other morning, and now claims that he was "dumb from his berth."

Washington Farrow, Owlin, Ia., will move to Dakota, in March. He has bought one hundred and sixty acres of land in Moody County and will settle on it.

C. A. Lurvey had a very good time with John B. Lucy, of Haverhill, Mass., while he was in that place, and also in Boston when the late levee was held.

James B. Taylor, of Iowa, has sold his farm and bought some land near the farm of John Knapp, in Black Hawk Co., and expects to move there in the spring.

William Ward is working in the mines, in New Mexico. He was in Santa-Fe, New Mexico, a short time ago, but is now at Carbonateville, about twenty three miles from Santa-Fe.

What velocity must a locomotive on the Kansas City & Gulf Rail Road have to pick up a deaf man walking on the track, and fling him so high that six cars pass before he comes down? Asks a Kansas paper.

Children are born deaf and remain so for several days. After that their parents and attendants wish that their children were born dumb also, or that they themselves had stayed deaf when they were born.

In a late issue of the JOURNAL, there was an item concerning James Reilly who was arrested in Worcester, Mass., for larceny, stating that his home was in Springfield, Mass. The Springfield mutes never knew a mute by that name.

George Goodrich Smith, only brother of H. Ward Smith, of Albion, N. Y., was one of the victims of the Newhall House fire, at Milwaukee, Wis. He was passenger agent of the Lake Shore Railroad, at Milwaukee, at the time of his death.

Fred N. Coeagne has just returned to Brownsville, N. Y., after a trip to Canada and through St. Lawrence, Lewis, Jefferson, Oswego and Oneida Counties, of this State. His trip extended through a period of two months.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the New York Guild will be held on Friday, January 26th, at the residence of Mr. C. R. Thomson, No. 22 East 21st St. The regular Guild meeting will be held in the Sunday School of St Ann's on the 30th.

Charles A. Lurvey, the penman, is still practicing on writing cards and drawing. He has sold a good deal of his pen work. He writes one dozen from twenty to thirty-five cents, and he will send to any one who will remit the price. His address is P. O. box 113, Beverly, Mass.

In the terrible holocaust of the Newhall house, at Milwaukee, Wis., where over sixty lives were lost, we find the name of Mrs. Maggie Sullivan, wife of Charles T. Sullivan, among those consumed in the burning building. She had a sister that could hear, who was with her in the same building, and who lost her life in the flames. Gen. Tom Thumb and company were in the same building, but they escaped with one or two exceptions. They lost all their trunks and wardrobe.

Mr. Henry L. Phillips and his wife went to Myerstown, Lebanon Co., Pa., on December 23d, to visit their relatives and friends. They were very glad to see Henry, as they had not seen him for about eleven years. They were deeply pleased to visit Myerstown, Robesonia and Harrisburg, and met some deaf-mutes by the names of Miss Elizabeth Holstein, Mr. and Mrs. Kintzer, Miss Emma Kershner, and her brother, Mr. John Kershner, and Mr. and Mrs. Runk, and Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Devin, Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Mr. Mathews. On the 2d inst., Mr. and Mrs. Phillips reached home safely. Mr. and Mrs. Kintzer, of Robesonia, said they would like to subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Mrs. Hannah Martin thought that she would go along with her friend, Mrs. Zimmerman, to Bridgeport Mills, Pa., and Clearspring, Md., if nothing happens.

Anthony P. Cannon, of Hoboken, N. J., was discharged from jail, January 1st, where he had been for some time. Cannon was discharged from the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb some two years ago. He was then sent to the Penitentiary for Deaf-Mutes in Westchester, but ran away. He told his parents that if they would let him stay home, he would promise to be a good boy and help them all he could. They gave their consent, although they wanted him to go to school. Cannon obtained a place in a Hoboken Silk Mill as a learner. He was afterwards paid five dollars a week; but now that he was earning something he considered himself a man. He began drinking. He was more than once locked up for being drunk. Last July he was discharged from the Silk Mill where he was employed, for not being attentive to his duties. Since then he has grown worse and worse. Hope deaf-mutes won't follow his example.—*Cor.*

Miss Attie Lefl has returned to Chicago.

Chas. J. Perogoy, of Baltimore, wants to know Wm. D. Frey's whereabouts.

Edward Duran has resumed his gymnastic exercises at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, after a rest of two months.

Miss Annie Elliott, who has been spending the holidays at her home in Philadelphia, returned to Washington a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Witschief and son, of Port Jervis, visited Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Merrill, of Easton, Pa., on Jan. 20th. They enjoying themselves very much.

Mr. William Henry Sutton, who taught in the Hartford Asylum for three years, and who was recently elected Senator from the Seventh District, Montgomery, Pa., is made the subject of a sketch in the Norristown Daily Times.

Wm. Taegel, of Boston, Mass., recently from Germany, had a good time with his New York friends the fore part of this month. The shop where he was employed having recently been burned, he lost two-thirds of his carving tools. He is a member of the Carvers Union, and is now out of work.

A young fellow named Fairchild went to West Liberty, Iowa, as a deaf-mute and got employment. He was only possessing on the deaf-mute branch of the business and he now wants to publish a book called "West Liberty Unloosed; or, What the People of the Lively Village Say and Think About when No One is Listening."

Newton Parson, of Willimantic, Ct., says, in answer to the friend who wanted to know, in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, how many mutes there were in that city, that as far as can be ascertained there are eight, including two at the Hartford School; three in South Coventry, five miles from Willimantic; two in Andover, ten miles from W.; one in Mansfield, five miles from W.

Three daughters of Gardiner G. Hubbard of Washington, all strikingly handsome, have married foreigners. One is the wife of Prof. Bell, of telephone fame, the second is married to Charles Hungarian, and the third was married to Charles James Bell of Leeds, England. The wife of Prof. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is a deaf-mute, and it is a singular coincidence that the wife of Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was also deaf and dumb.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church, N. Y., held service in Portchester St. Peter's Church here, for the benefit of mutes residing in the Section I. The service was read by Rev. E. Kennedy, rector of the parish, and interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet to the mutes, by means of the sign-language. Dr. Gallaudet, also gave an outline of his work in New York, in the same voiceless tongue. Wednesday evening, Jan. 10th, was an exceptionally bad one, making the attendance rather slim. There were but six mutes present. Had the weather been more favorable, there would have been a large audience present.—*Portchester Journal.*

## Audiphone.

James Duxon, in a letter to the London Medical Times and Gazette, says:

"Before it is too late, I would enter a protest against the admission of this barbarous word into our medical vocabulary. I see it already figures in the surgical instrument makers' advertisement. A Latin word (*audilo*) and a Greek one are pieced together in a manner repugnant to all sound etymology; and yet the change of one letter would make the word legitimate. "The instrument is intended to increase the voice—not as regards the speaker, but as regards the hearer; and to the latter anything which makes a voice more audible becomes an *increaser* of that voice. Now, there is a real Greek ad-jective which means *increasing the voice*, and *Auziphone*, therefore, would be a perfectly well-formed and expressive word for the instrument."

## They Are Rare.

"I want a close shave. I never use any bay rum or cosmetics. Please comb my hair up and back. I do not want any tonic or skin medicines. I do not want any shampoo or bath. I am glad Butler was elected. I do not care for stock or market reports, and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a professor in a deaf and dumb institute and I am glad of it. Go ahead and shove me."

The tonsorial artist did his prettiest, in entire silence, and when the victim arose and had been brushed off, he said: "Call again, when you're around this way." The deaf and dumb professor tendered the customary nickel, but the barber shook his head, and said: "No, I don't want any money, here's a quarter for you. Men like you are rare. I've got a bad cold, and you've obligingly saved me a heap of talking. Good day."

## The Lyric Hall Levee.

At the invitation of one of the professors of the Deaf-Mute Asylum, I attended a ball given by these people a few evenings ago at Lyric Hall, and a very novel and at the same time interesting experience it was. The mutes in question were all graduates of that institution. A great many were married, and the majority of the women were pretty, though a peculiar quick, startled expression, brought on by their failing, which appearance their eyes, detracted from their appearance. They had a very superior band, and it was queer to see how they regulated their steps and kept time with the movement of the leader's rotation, for the strains evolved from the instruments of the musicians were lost upon them. Nearly all of them were expert dancers, and some of the young women were as light like in their grace. Among other things at the entertainment there was a handsome prize for the best lady dancer. Mr. Wallace, the well-known dancing master, was the judge. Without hesitation, he awarded the honor to a young deaf-mute lady, the wife of a hearing gentleman. There were six speaking competitors against her.

Noticing that nothing but lemonade and similar innocuous stuff was served in the refreshment room, I asked the reason therefore of my companion. "It is necessary," said he, "to conclude against booze. Those people are very excitable and very quick to see fancied wrongs, and had they wine or any other kind of liquors to further stimulate them, I would not care for the consequences. The married life of a deaf-mute is usually not a happy one; jealousy is their besetting sin, and on occasions of this sort, a jealous husband or a jealous wife will always be able to find pretext for being disagreeable."

Among the people present was a handsome and engaging young man, a traveler for a commercial house, who had married a deaf-mute, and accompanied her to the ball. "He courted her for four years," said my friend, "and she did not care for him at first. He persisted, however, and finally won her, and they are very happy together. He told me he did not know what life was until he enjoyed it in the silent society of his pretty and otherwise accomplished wife. He had no less than eight sisters at home, and you can just imagine the life they must have led him."—*N. J. Shore Press, Jan. 20.*

# "C. L. U."

## The Reception at Clarendon Hall.

## ABOUT 300 PRESENT.

## A Very Successful Affair.

(Reported by our Special Correspondent.)

Although a brunette bachelor, and fearfully deficient in this world's goods, we were detailed to write up the proceedings of the Catholic Literary Union Reception, which took place at Clarendon Hall, 116 East 13th street, last evening. So, feeling for the hair that should have adorned our upper lip, we stationed ourself at the foot of the stairs leading to the hall at a little before eight o'clock, at which time mutes were beginning to arrive. As a matter of course, we kept a sharp lookout for all the pretty girls, but that did not in the least deter us from observing that the "creme de la creme" of deaf-muteness was pouring into the hall.

It was an exhilarating sight to witness the grand look of determination to "protect her or die" that animated the countenance of the fresh young mute who was escorting, for the first time, "Miss Girlygirl" to a place of amusement; and ye old married men, whose backs have been turned into warming pans during long winter nights for years, can drop a tear of sympathy for the horrors that are in store for these prospective flat irons. But pardon the divergence. The President, accompanied by Dr. Peet and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, mounted the elevated platform at fifteen minutes past nine. After a few words of greeting from the President, Mr. James Russell, Dr. Peet was introduced, and said, among other things, how happy he was to see among the assemblage so many of his old pupils. He was very pleased to notice how prosperous they looked, and hoped all would enjoy themselves. He also spoke of the beauty of the sign-language, principally that of the French system.

Professor Freeman, of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., was then introduced. He preaches for Catholic mutes at St. Francis Xavier's College, having learned something of the sign-language. His remarks were well received.

Dr. Gallaudet related the incidents which led to the Abbe de l'Epee's first meeting with a deaf-mute, and endorsed generally Dr. Peet's remarks relative to the beauty of the sign-language.

Mr. Hodgson followed Dr. Gallaudet, and remarked the natural modesty which characterizes all newspaper men prevented him from saying more than a few words, that during the addresses of the gentlemen, who preceded him, he had been wishing himself far away, his innate bashfulness rendering a prospective address an ordeal to be dreaded. He was with the deaf-mutes in all their enterprises, and one of his pleasantest tasks was to help along any project that would tend to promote their social welfare and happiness.

Mr. James F. Donnelly, Secretary of the Association, then read a letter from President Wilkinson, of the Manhattan Literary Association, in which he regretted that, he could not be present owing to a previous engagement. He hoped the affair would be a success, and urged a co-operation of the two societies for the purpose of promoting the interests of the mutes of this city in general.

Thomas Breen, of Philadelphia, who had desired very much to be present, and who being a warm Catholic himself, takes a genuine interest in the society, also sent a letter of regret, and desired to be remembered to his many Gotham friends.

This closed the exercises proper, it being now ten o'clock. President Russell had written an address of some length, but as it was long past the time appointed for commencement of the exercises, it was omitted.

The Grand March commenced at a little after ten. The Floor Manager, Mr. Daniel Ward, proved that he was no novice at the business. The march was well executed, and we observed sixteen abreast at one time. The assistant Floor Managers, Mr. Bernard Donnelly and Mr. John E. O'Brien, performed their duties in a highly creditable manner. Mr. Donnelly is a hearing gentleman and a brother of James F., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Then came dancing, the programme of which was as follows:

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

## OVERTURE.

- March.
- Lancers.
- Waltz.
- Quadrille.
- Schottische.
- Lancers.
- Polka.
- Quad. Waltz.
- Waltz.
- Lancers.
- Galop.
- Virginia Reel.
- Waltz.

## INTERMISSION.

- PART II.
- RE-ENTREE.
  - Lancers.
  - Waltz.
  - Quadrille.
  - Galop.
  - Polka.
  - Lancers.
  - Waltz.
  - Quad. Waltz.
  - Schottische.
  - Lancers.
  - Virginia Reel.
  - Waltz.

## AU REVOIR.

Perhaps the favorite dance of our mutes is the "Lancers." At any rate the females always appear to take a great deal of delight in it.

The first part of the programme was exceedingly well carried out. Excellent time was kept throughout all the dances, and that all enjoyed themselves, the sparkling eyes and smiling faces of all fully proved.

At fifteen minutes past one o'clock, the great majority of those present repaired to Huber's restaurant, where the inner man was attended to. The bill of fare was within the means of all, and no grumbling was heard. About an hour was spent in the restaurant, after which the hall became lively again. The rest of the night, or rather morning, was spent in dancing, social converse, etc.

The young society may be congratulated on the success of its first Reception. Every body expressed themselves as well-pleased with the affair, and not one left the hall feeling that they had not received their money's worth.

## RECEPTION WARBLINGS.

Prof. Currier, of the New York Institution was invited to participate in the exercises proper, but was compelled to decline owing to prior engagements. Business also prevented Prof. Jenkins from attending.

"One fond kiss before we part," feebly fluttered on the finger tips of Alexander L. Pach at about 4 A.M., as he bade adieu to an enchanter with black eyes.

The JOURNAL printers who "set" up this article, Geo. Porter, Wm. Ennis, Anthony Capelli, and John Lloyd, Jr., were on hand, and quad lore evaporated in a constant stream. Theo. Froehlich's dignified five feet eight or thereabouts, was the magnet that drew scores of females eyes.

The hair of George Lucas Reynolds was frizzled in its usual Coney-Island-on-a-Sunday style.

It will be a very long night that can tire out Miss Jennie Williams. At a very early hour in the morning, she was as fresh as a daisy.

"Tell me on what holy ground—" "You are not on holy ground, but on my corns," angrily "yelled" G. S. Porter, as "Grace H." apologetically slid off his coat scuttles.

Games were commenced at about three o'clock in the morning, but very little enthusiasm was noticeable. The bar did a rushing business all night.

W. G. Pownall was sincere in his endeavors to make every one have a good time.

Dark-eyed Miss Augusta Berley made our reportorial heart yearn for a chat on the back yard gate and the friendly moon just going on a cloud.

Supervisor Howell, of the New York Institution, was "tickled amazingly" at this, his first attendance at an affair of the kind.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." Not so with Miss Emily Ludwig. She was seen by all and admired by all.

Geo. W. Young, a teacher of dancing, led Jennie Williams in the contest for the prize.

Miss Maria Toles graced the occasion with her presence. Miss Rintoul accompanied her.

Chas O'Brien was the happiest of the happy.

"My heart is my own, and my rhino's my friends," is what that prince of good fellows, Moses Heyman would have sung had he the power.

The marching was voted by all to be the best ever seen at a deaf-mute ball. In the judgment of impartial persons, it equalled that generally executed by hearing people.

The yarns that were told by William Slattery, the efficient Sergeant-at-Arms, in the smoking room, were greatly appreciated by a large crowd of listeners.

Artistic J. F. J. Tresch presided over the ticket office, and not a lead dime passed under his eagle eye.

"And thereby hangs a tale," some one ought to have said, as Messrs. Witschief and Leonard came from the soda water room wiping their mouths with the backs of their hands.

Mr. Jacques Loew was out in full dress, with a nose-peg in his button-hole. His "imperial" attracted the admiring glance of many a damsel.

Thomas Hayden was in his glory while serving on the Committee.

The floor was not trod by a more cheerful fellow than Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald. He looked the very embodiment of happiness, but left for home at about one o'clock.

The fingers of Miss Ella Dillingham, of the New York Institution, were seen, until twelve o'clock, rattling off witticisms in her usual vivacious style.

Miss Eva Batz took part in nearly every dance, and was much sought after.

John A. Clark made himself agreeable to both sexes.

The price paid for rent of the hall was between twenty and twenty-five dollars. The orchestra received twenty-eight dollars for its services. It is estimated that the profit will amount to over sixty dollars.

It was rumored early in the evening

that the famous Tammany Chief, John Kelly, would drop in. The report proved to be a canard.

At half-past two, a small crowd of hearing people who had just come from the Academy of Music, hearing of the Reception, swarmed in, and appeared much interested.

Alfred Bousfield, a recent graduate of Fanwood, renewed old acquaintances.

Ike Soper smoked innumerable after-supper cigars.

The Weinbergers, as usual, were out in full force.

After repeated drawing of numbers from a covered box by Mr. Loew, accompanied by much merriment and excitement among the holders of tickets, Father Freeman, of St. John's College, was declared the winner of the prize, which was a cigar case.

Mrs. Emily Keilt was surrounded all the evening.

Simplicity in attire and beauty in form and feature, probably had no better representative in the hall than Miss Sarah Finn.

Aaron Witmeyer was the only Pennsylvania representative present.

The absence of Miss Lefl was noticed. She left for Chicago last week.

Miss Ella Weinberger won the prize for the most graceful lady dancer (hearing).

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore," came into our thoughts as Mrs. Daniel Ward swept past us with that graceful and characteristic walk of hers, and arrayed in a style that spoke volumes for her good taste.

"Yaw, I sh had a good time, but me likes mine peer the best," rumbled gaily from the ten pretzels of Mr. Haar, at an early hour in the morning.

"All are not born to soar," calmly but wrathfully said H. Smith, as he got up from an unexpected tumble on the waxed floor.

"I won't go home till morning," settled down resolutely around the month of Alex. Dezendorf, even as early as half-past eight in the evening.

"And both were young, and one was beautiful," is not affirming too much as E. A. Barry and Kate Keene gracefully promenade up and down the ball room during an intermission 'tween dances.

Miss McConnell led the first column of the Grand March with Bernard Donnelly.

A. Guggenheimer's favorite dance is the Lancers. He indulged in it to his heart's content.

Theodore Lounsbury was the last Fanwoodite to leave the hall.

The coming Masquerade of the Twilights was frequently alluded to by the members of that Society.

From what was said, we believe a large number of mutes will attend Mr. C. O'Brien's lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association this evening.

The prize received by Miss Weinberger was an ivory fan of great beauty in style and workmanship; that won by Miss Ludwig was a dressing case, very pretty in design.

The hall was well suited to dancing, but was rather cold during the evening. However, all became warmed up as soon as the Grand March began.

The Floor Committee, Messrs. Holland, Donnelly, Grinnon, Leonard, Donohue, Shelton and Haydon, performed their duties in a highly satisfactory manner, as also did the Reception Committee, Messrs. Reilly, Dennen, Nally, Campbell and Barry.

John F. O'Brien proved himself an able Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

The last object that arrested our attention before leaving the Hall, was "X. X. X." sighing something like this, as he mournfully contemplated his last cent.

His last bit of lucre  
Left shining alone;  
All his former companions  
Are smoked up and gone.  
My pocket is empty,  
My heart it feels sad—  
Will you lend me five coppers  
To "rail" me to bed.

## TRADING IN MISFORTUNE.

Few persons, if any, in the present enlightened and philanthropic age, will deny that deaf-mutes have peculiar claims on society for assistance because of the singular deprivation under which they labor. They may properly ask to be considered as beneficiaries of the public to a certain extent. But how long this dependent condition may be justly continued, on what grounds the plea or help should be based, and what range of assistance may be included, are questions upon which all do not seem to be agreed.

In Italy, that land where mendicancy is a recognized means of gaining a livelihood, blindness has its value as capital in business; a deformed limb is a source of life-long income to its possessor.

It is much to be regretted that this "trading in misfortune," as it may be termed, has entered largely into the work of deaf-mute instruction, even in our own free America, where education is regarded as the right of every child.

Appeals have been made to individuals and to legislative bodies for aid for the deaf and dumb as *charity*. The very name, most unfortunately applied to our first institution, "Asylum" stamped an impression on the public mind which remains to this day, that deaf-mutes, as a class, are to receive charity to a greater or less extent during their whole lives. And although a majority of the schools for the deaf and dumb in the United States are now called *Institu-*

tions, they are, without exception, looked upon as



## COLUMBUS.

### A New Superintendent.

### THE DARK ANGEL.

#### Buckeye Brevities.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

We take the greatest pleasure in presenting the following very interesting article taken from the *Ohio State Journal* Saturday, the 20th. To put the whole thing in a nutshell, is only a verification of the statement made in the Columbus correspondence to the *JOURNAL* some months ago, and which now forms the chief subject of interest in the budget of deaf-mute news.

MEETINGS OF THE TRUSTEES AND HOUSE COMMITTEE LAST NIGHT—PROF. C. W. ELY ELECTED SUPERINTENDENT—THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, AND OTHER MATTERS.

"The Trustees of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb held a meeting last evening, there being present of the Board, President A. H. Moss, of Sandusky; Dr. Finch, of Portsmouth; General Jones, of Waverly, and Mr. F. C. Sessions, Columbus. The current bills for the month were considered and ordered paid, and the Trustees then held a consultation with the House committee, of which Dr. Scott is chairman, in which the needs of the Institution for the coming year were considered. Mr. Conrad, of the House Finance committee, will also visit the Institution this morning, to learn something definite in regard to the amount of money which will be needed for improvements and to operate the school the coming year.

"A very important action taken by the Board last night was the election of Professor C. W. Ely to the position of Superintendent. He is now filling a similar position in the Maryland Institution at Frederick, and has been in that place for thirteen years. He is a graduate of Yale, and taught in the Ohio Institution for seven years before going to Maryland. The new Superintendent stands high as an educator of the Deaf and Dumb, and is a man of fine executive ability. He was formerly from Elyria, this State, where he married. Professor Ely is now at the Institution, and last night made a very favorable impression on the committee and Trustees. It is to be hoped that he will accept, as he seems to be just the man for the place. The position has been filled in an able and creditable manner since the departure of Professor Perry by the Rev. Benjamin Talbot, but the work was not to his liking, and he preferred to resume his old duties as teacher.

"Another important action taken by the Board was authorizing the expenditure of \$500 for perfecting the fire department in connection with the Institution. Supervisor Lewis Flenniken, who has brought the department to its present efficient state, submitted plans to the Board, and they were accepted as soon as explained. It is proposed to buy a hand hose carriage and a hand hook and ladder truck, besides other equipments, rubber coats, caps, etc., for the boys of the Department. The pupils who have shown themselves efficient as fire ladders are doubly so about the Institution, knowing every door and place of entrance and exit, which is a great advantage in case of fire. Their work on a couple of structures partially burned near the Institution, has established the importance of keeping up and strengthening the Department for protection. They will have quarters in the new building, where they will sleep, in company with Supervisor Flenniken.

"The House committee on the Institution will hold another meeting there in a day or two and look further into the detail wants."

The following invitation was presented to both the Senate and the House, last week Wednesday afternoon: "Governor and Mrs. Charles Foster will receive at their house, head of State Street, on Wednesday evening, January 24, from 7 until 11 o'clock, the officers and members of the General Assembly and their families; State officials, their assistants and clerks, and their families; officers of the Public institutions and members of the Press and their families, to all of whom a cordial invitation is extended."

Dr. Scott, Chairman of the Legislature Committee of this Institution, thinks the boxes for the packing department at the State House can be made with less expense in the carpenter shop at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

A black and white crape hung outside upon the front door of the residence of Mr. Charles N. Haskins, on Wednesday morning, the 17th inst. The Angel of Death which had been hovering over the happy home, nearer and nearer within a few days, entered very early that morning and summoned the resigned spirit of Mrs. Ada Haskins. How bravely she fought her fearful disease, and willingly

clung to life, ever hopeful of a final recovery for the sake of her husband and little one, this beautiful testimony to the love of a bride, a wife and a mother is treasured up in the sacred recesses of memory by those who have borne witness. The day before her taking leave, she expressed a wish to see her babe, and receiving the darling little one in her arms, kissed it fondly, and then took a last farewell look at the poor innocent thing soon to become motherless. The day wore on, and still she lived till night, but the change came at last in the small hours of the next morning. She requested to be allowed to get up, and while in the act of nestling herself in the embrace of him she had given her all and laying her head on his arm, the spirit of Mrs. Ada Haskins obeyed the call from on High, in a surprise of awakening joy, we think, as the features of her face reposed in a happy christian smile.

Mr. Philip Thimmes, formerly of Cincinnati, O., is now spending the winter in Run Lick, a few miles from the Queen City. He will return to his farm in Lawrenceburg, Ind., next spring.

The boys at the Deaf and Dumb Institute will relieve Mr. Newman (Secretary of State) from the necessity of keeping up a carpenter shop in connection with his department.—*Col., O. Journal*.

A telegram from Little Rock, Arkansas, announces the death of James L. Torrens, United States Marshal and Chairman of the Republican State Committee. Mr. Torrens married Miss Jennie V. Upson, then a teacher in the Deaf-Mute Institute in that city. Miss Upson is a sister of the wife (now Mrs. Regal), of the late lamented Elmore P. Caruthers, who was for a number of years a teacher in this Institute, and principal of the Arkansas State Deaf-mute school.

The teachers gathered into the Library room last week Monday evening, per call for a regular meeting. The minutes of the proceedings of January 2d meeting were read, and approved. There being no other business before the meeting, they at once went for the subject—"Promotions"—which was dissected right and left in the most merciless manner. The dissectors were Doctors Halse, Stewart, Raffington, McGregor, J. M. Park and Atwood. The chair, after viewing thoughtfully the fragmentary remains on the dissecting table, remarked that what the law had cut and made for us, we must wear the jacket no matter how unsightly and tight in the same old way, until we can legally produce a more suitable one. In the meantime, he would do the best for the school as might lie in his power. A few more minor matters discussed and disposed, the meeting then adjourned to the first Monday in February next.

The case of Charles Davis, the Columbus deaf-mute incendiary, will be brought into the court again in a few days on a writ of Mandamus to compel the Superintendent of the Reform Farm to receive him. The lad, ever since his last appearance in court has been confined in the county jail, awaiting a disposition of his case.

The chair in the dining room of the officers and teachers of this Institution which had stood vacant for a month, was re-occupied by its absentee for the first time last week Monday at noon—Mrs. M. P. Wakefield is well again. Rev. Mr. Mann conducted the Sabbath morning service before our pupils in the chapel, on Sunday the 14th inst. His discourse occupied three-fourths of an hour in delivery, and was replete with good points. At its conclusion, Supt. Talbot said, in order to give the pupils of the advanced classes an opportunity to attend the Episcopal Church, there would be no Sunday school on Floor "C" in the afternoon. The young ladies and gentlemen of these classes to the number of sixty or seventy availed themselves of the invitation, and went to the Episcopal Church in the city, where Mr. Mann held an interesting service in accordance with the rites of his church. All seemed to enjoy the service and the change.

The skating mania has at last attacked some of our lady teachers. The other night they repaired to the ice-pond at the United States Barracks, and there in peace and safety under cover of the cannons and guns the dear creatures made graceful figures and charming curves.

Delay ensued in the moving business of the *Vis-a-Vis* printing office two weeks ago, but later (last week) the attempt succeeded, and Foreman Scott was busy putting things in order. We looked in the job room and found it a very cozy place. The new things noticed were a composing stone and stand, a "stock" case, and also a furniture labor-saving case. The composing room looked convenient and very comfortable. We think it is safe to say that under the impetus of newness everywhere, the Foreman and the *Vis-a-Vis* will thrive fatter and fresher.

A wee-wee social gathering was held at the boarding residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. McGregor, two weeks ago, Saturday afternoon, in honor of their little daughter Bessie's birthday. The distinguished invited guests were Jimmie and Mabel Park, Bertha Patterson, and May and Gussie Greener. Dolls and playthings made up the afternoon's glee, and a pleasant repast was the finishing touch to their delight.

Twelve years ago, Ohio lent to Maryland Mr. Charles W. Ely. Now she may return him with thanks.

Mr. Kleinhaus, of Youngstown, O., as a reward and recognition of his valuable services, has been advanced to a higher kind of work in his place of business with an increase of pay.

This is not all that is said of Mr. K.; he is respected by his employers and beloved by all his fellow-workmen.

On Thursday morning at half past seven o'clock, the remains of Mrs. Ada Haskins, in charge of her husband and mother, were taken from their late residence to the depot in this city, and thence to Fallsburgh, O., for interment.

Oh, the Pen, it has another sad mission to perform—to chronicle the gentle taking away from the threshold of living womanhood, Theresa Schweigert. She died of quick consumption at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ernst, 109 Indiana Ave., Toledo, O., January 17th, 1883, at half-past seven o'clock, aged eighteen years. Miss S. graduated last June with great honor, her essay, "It might have been" winning high encomiums. The letter of Mrs. Ernst concluded thanking our matron, Mrs. Rose, for her faithful and kind care while Theresa was here under her charge.

The general appropriation bill, in which a part is included for this Institute, is still before the House Committee. Its work will not be done till about the last of next month.

Superintendent Ely, of the Frederick, Maryland, Institute for the Deaf and Dumb for the past twelve years, is a guest at the Ohio Institute. Mr. Ely was formerly at the Asylum here, Columbus, O., *Journal*.

The many friends of Mr. C. N. Haskins, teacher at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, will no doubt feel sad to learn of the death of his wife, which occurred Monday morning. Mrs. Haskins' maiden name was Ada Painter, daughter of John Wesley Painter, Esq., of Fallsburg Licking County, this State. She had been in feeble health most of the time since their marriage, which was the 18th of last March. She leaves one child, but a few weeks old.—*Columbus, O., Journal*.

Mr. Ely had to delay his departure for Maryland until Sunday afternoon, so as to make good connections with the trains. Mr. McMaster, of Pittsburgh, Pa., spent the late holidays at Youngstown, O. Mr. McM. was educated in the Hartford (Conn.) Asylum. The writer of this paragraph once had the honor of the charge of the class of which the subject was one, for a month, during the illness of the regular teacher, which unfortunately ended in his death.

Dr. D. N. Kinsman is the State physician for the Institution. Last week Wednesday morning, his horse ran away, which resulted in the demolition of the doctor's buggy. Where the doctor was during all this time, we did not learn.

The Home Committee on Institute for Deaf and Dumb has been invited to meet with the Trustees, at the Institution, this evening, and hear the needs of the Institution explained.—*Columbus (O.) Journal*, Jan. 19.

An inquiry into the whereabouts of Mr. Horace H. Hollister, a former teacher of articulation at the Institution, elicited the following information. He left here in 1870, to take the principalship of the West Virginia Deaf-Mute State School. Resigning there soon after, he went to Long Island, where he studied medicine for a year or more. From this lovely retreat, Dr. Hollister emigrated to Michigan, and established a practice in the southern part of that State. A few years later, he removed to New Jersey, and there Mr. H. was lost sight of and has not been heard from since—some eight years.

Mrs. Regal, the widow of the late Mr. Elmore P. Caruthers, has presented her husband with a boy baby. They live in Oberlin, O.

Mr. Ely will write a formal acceptance of the call to become Superintendent of the Ohio Institution, within a week after his arrival in Frederick, Md. That is, of course, if he concludes to accept, and a contrary course is not likely to happen.

Jennie (first) and Putmen, (next) children of Mr. and Mrs. Hoagland, of Covington, Ky., have been down with the measles, but are now convalescing. Their third one, their youngest, an infant one year old, which also took sick with the same disease, has since died, and was buried the next day, Wednesday, the 17th inst. It is a truly afflicted family, and may the Father of Mercies give them grace to bear their bereavement and sorrow in a spirit of resignation.

The great stir at the Institution on Thursday evening, last, was occasioned by the quiet arrival of Mr. C. W. Ely.

Mr. Ely visited the schoolrooms Friday, was heartily welcomed by his old associates, and made a fine impression with those who had never had the pleasure of his acquaintance before.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

#### THE CHIROLOGICAL LYCEUM.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The officers of the Chirological Lyceum, of Philadelphia, are elected every six months. Last Wednesday evening, at the meeting of the Lyceum, Edward Wilson, Esq., was chosen President; Mr. Sharar, Vice-President; Mr. Turner, an ex-president of the Clero Literary Association, was elected Secretary; Mr. James Robb, assistant Secretary; Mr. William H. Lipsett, Treasurer. Mr. Wilson appointed the following Standing Committee: Messrs. Lipsett, Sharar and Lewis. Committee on Literary Exercises: Messrs. Sharar, Turner and H. S. Stevenson. Committee on Credentials: Messrs. Lipsett, Houston and H. S. Stevenson. Committee on Ways and Means: Mr. Washington Houston and Mr. Thomas Breen, who were nomi-

nated for President, both declined the honor.

It is thought by many of those who are acquainted with Mr. Wilson that he will make a good president, and that he may, is certainly the wish of the writers.

The object of the Lyceum, I believe, is to forward the improvement of the young deaf-mutes who have finished school, and to furnish a place where they may meet in a social and pleasant way, free from all contaminating influences.

We are therefore glad of the election of Mr. Wilson to this important position, and hope that he may strive to do his best for its continued prosperity.

It is thought that some new members may ere long join the Lyceum, whom we desire may find it a benefit in every way.

Mr. Stevenson joined the Lyceum two weeks ago, and is considered a very good and promising member.

LIBERTY.  
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20, 1883.

#### THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes was held on Monday, the 8th inst. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Messrs. Hardy P. Chapman, General Manager; William Bailey and S. F. Sonthwick, Executive Committee; these compose the Board of Directors.

H. P. Chapman has been re-elected for three years in succession, which speaks well for his faithfulness and popularity. Three new members have been admitted, making the whole number, under the care of the pastor at present, seventeen. One conversion occurred last month. In the General Manager's address, he states that the attendance at the Sunday morning services, Bible class, and also at the Friday evening prayer meetings, has been increasing from year to year for three or four years past.

He also alluded to some other facts occurring in our midst for the past year, and his address was accepted.

The financial report was also given, and accepted, as follows:

RECEIPTS.	
Balance from last year.	\$123 92
Subscriptions left after the commissions have been paid to agents.	521 45
Messrs. fees.	15 00
Box collections from strangers and others.	4 77
Received from use of oil stove.	50
Total.	\$655 64

EXPENSES.	
Pastor's salary.	\$400 00
Rent of rooms.	150 00
Gas.	22 60
Taxes (water and P. O. box).	4 04
Deaf-Mute papers.	2 40
Stationery and postage.	2 64
Labor.	7 20
Colored designs.	3 00
Sundry expenses.	2 31
Cash balance.	64 45
Total.	\$665 64

#### BANK ACCOUNTS.

Jan. 1, 1883.—Cash in Five cents Savings Bank, and interest.	\$1,142 18
Jan. 1, 1883.—Cash in Salem Savings Bank, and interest (including \$100 which was received from a subscriber and deposited).	1,065 11
Total.	\$2,207 29

CASH.	
In Banks.	\$2,207 29
Cash on hand.	64 45
Total.	\$2,271 74

In April, 1882, our pastor, Mr. Packard, introduced a new system of raising money with a sermon on necessity of giving. After service, printed cards, containing amounts of money from two cents to twenty-five cents, and for different purposes, were distributed among the members, who were requested to sign their names on the cards, stating the amount they are perfectly willing to give weekly, until January 1st, 1883, the pastor being the only person receiving these cards and knowing their amounts in confidence. The result was that thirteen cards have been signed and presented, and the givers received small envelopes from the Pastor, marked with all dates up to January 1st, 1883. A box is passed round each Sabbath to receive these weekly offerings, and also mites from the strangers and non-members. This system has proved to be a good success, and brought in more funds than have ever been collected in the history of our society. All givers have done their duties faithfully as agreed. Before this new system was introduced, our custom was to ask any one present to put in what they could, and the result at the end of these years was as follows:

In 1878.	\$4 55
" 1879.	3 86
" 1880.	3 42
" 1881.	7 66

The difference in favor of the new system is apparent. This brought us \$38.60. This caused great rejoicing and encouragement, and it has been concluded to continue the system for another year with the hope of even greater success. The total amount is divided according to the per cent as stated in the cards. The money was applied to three objects, viz:—Toward our carpet fund, \$19.20; for the poor, \$7.68, and for the Bible class and other objects, \$11.52.

The carpet and pulpit fund has now over \$54. One hundred and twenty-five dollars, or \$150, are needed to furnish our chapel. Any donations are welcome.

The success of the society is due to the perseverance of the originators and the ready and willing co-operation of the members with their Pastor. "United we stand, divided we fall."

We regret that items have appeared in your paper, sent, no doubt, by outsiders, which give the readers false impressions about our society and other things. One item stated that "nearly all the members of the

Salem Society, of Deaf-Mutes will honor the Boston Levee with their presence." This was not true. Was such an item intended to make the readers and our friends believe and induce them to come to the levee under false impressions? Another item stated that Dr. Gallandet is engaged to deliver a lecture in Salem on the 5th of January. It was not so. If it means before our society, he was then not engaged when that item was published.

As Mr. Chapman announces his coming levee for New England deaf-mutes to be held here on the evening of February 22d, we cordially invite those who intend to be present to visit our rooms, No. 223 Essex street, during the day.

#### Rev. Mr. Mann's Missionary Work.

The Rev. A. W. Mann makes the following report of Church work among the deaf-mutes in the central Western states, to the Missionary Committee of the Diocese of Ohio:—

The first service in the Diocese was held in the fall of 1875, in Grace Church, Cleveland, then under the rectorship of the lamented Dr. Washburn. Since then, services have been held there every sixth or seventh Sunday, and as often as possible on week days.

Soon afterward, calls came from other places. I have responded as often as my many engagements would allow. I have officiated at Akron, Bellefontaine, Canton, Elyria, Kenton, Lima, Mansfield, Marion, Medina, Mount Vernon, Norwalk, Oberlin, Shelby, and Warren. Already appointments have been made for Steubenville and Youngstown. Other points are in view, as Toledo, Sandusky, Huron, Bellevue, and several others. Attendance at the services has been on the whole most encouraging. It should be known that deaf-mutes are numerically small, and scattered widely apart. Many of them are obliged to come long distances to enjoy the blessed privilege of divine worship and instruction in a familiar language. For instance, my congregation at Norwalk is made up mostly of persons living in New London and North Fairfield, distant fifteen and ten miles respectively. My last service at Kenton was attended by mutes from Bellefontaine and Forest. I could instance much further this way, but it would not refer to the Diocese alone, but to the whole field as well. Distance and expense do not seem to count very much in preventing attendance. Another source of encouragement is the frequent requests for services from many quarters. With so large a field to take care of, it is not possible to meet every request at once. Nor is it possible to officiate with the proper frequency at each point. In due time, we expect to have more missionaries for this growing work, and the means of affording them sufficient support. Still another source of encouragement is the results in baptisms and confirmations. Of the former, in the Diocese of Ohio, there have been 20; of the latter, 24. The number of communicants is 29. Candidates are awaiting confirmation. All over the field, including Ohio, the results are: Baptisms, 180; Confirmations, 109; communicants, 141.

Occasionally, at different places, I interpret the administration of the Holy Communion to deaf-mutes. They communicate with others. But the time seems to be coming when it will be expedient for them to have their communications by themselves, as they do in New York and Philadelphia, also in London and other English cities. They seem to prefer this arrangement.

I have distributed a goodly number of Prayer Books and tracts, the former being supplied by the Prayer Book Societies of New York and Philadelphia. I used a good liberal supply of tracts, written in a language of easy comprehension. They do a vast deal of good, as they reach, not mutes only, but their hearing and speaking relatives and friends, some of whom have been thus led into the communion of the Church. I have helped mutes to find employment, and explained to some employers that deafness is no bar to proficiency and usefulness in mechanical pursuits.

Besides conducting services, I have lectured occasionally on secular subjects before the deaf-mute societies of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and the pupils of the Ohio and Indiana Institutions. Since undertaking the work I have officiated, either alone, in strictly deaf-mute services, or with other clergymen, in "combined services," in fully 126 different parishes, or 100 localities. It should be explained that in some large localities services have been held in more than one parish. Once in a little while a new locality is visited. The first service is usually "combined," to afford Church people an opportunity of witnessing the methods, and learning of the extent and needs of this special work.

In Ohio there are upwards of 2000 deaf-mutes, divided pretty nearly equally between the two Dioceses. In the Central Western States there must be 9000, of this number I reach, more or less directly, 2500. If the usually published ratio of deaf-mutes to other people is correct, that is, one to 1600, there must be nearly 35000 in the Union.

God willing, there will be a service for Deaf-Mutes in Trinity Church, Broad St., Newark, N. J., next Sunday, Jan. 28th, at 3 p.m.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

### Prospective Improvements.

### LITERARY NOTES.

### Items of Interest.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

In the Twenty-Fifth Annual Report of the Columbia Institution, in speaking of the estimates for the next year, the attention of Congress is called to the condition of the front of the college grounds, facing on Boundary street.

The construction of the sewer, now being carried by the college grounds, will be completed by two or three months, and it is urged that something be done towards the erection of some substantial and permanent enclosure. This is what is sorely needed, for nothing so detracts from the interior beauty of the grounds. These fences are an eyesore, and it is to be hoped that in the general improvement of Boundary street, which will follow the completion of the sewer, something may be done to remedy the defect. A wall and railings in the same style as that at the main entrance to the grounds, would not only be a solid enclosure, but would add much to the present beauty of Kendall Green.

The report treats on several other interesting subjects, such as Physical Training in the College, and the resolutions passed at the Convention of American Instructors, held in Jacksonville, Ill., last August.

Friday evening, the 19th, the opening literary meeting of the second term was held in the lyceum. The proceedings opened with an interesting and well delivered essay by Mr. Davidson, '85, on "Thomas Payne." Then came a debate between Messrs. Adams, '86, and Hagy, '87, for the affirmative; and Messrs. Dahtzer, '86, and Borg, '86, for the negative, the question being "Was the Federal System beneficial?" The question was decided by a majority vote of the members present at the meeting, and resulted in favor of the affirmative by a very close vote. Messrs. Allabough, '84, and Haas, '86, then participated in a humorous dialogue entitled "Getting Rich, upon the conclusion of Mr. Morrow, '85, declaimed "President Lincoln's address at Gettysburg."

As we are now in midwinter, the students are putting in a good deal of work in the gymnasium, the exercises being held daily at 4 p.m., Wednesdays and Saturdays excepted. As to the value of the exercises, too much cannot be said, and none feel so much as the students themselves. The base ball men will soon go into active work in the bowling alley, and it is the intention of the manager to have ready a fully prepared nine at the opening of the base ball season. It is hoped that a sufficient response will be had from the recipients of circulars in time to enable the Committee on Uniforms to have the men measured and uniformed by the middle of April. Being well trained and dressed in a becoming costume, it is certain that the Kendall will hold a good position among the clubs of the District and neighboring cities. Let us hear from the alumni and former students and their subscribers will be acknowledged in the "Chronicle" according as they are received.

This afternoon we were treated to a highly interesting sermon from President Gallandet, the main idea being "Exertion." As usual, the doctor spoke in his paternal way and brought forth familiar and striking illustrations. Such matter of fact sermons never fail to interest, while at the same time they do greatest amount of good.

#### BRIEFS.

Coasting and skating are about over for the present.

The gymnasium drills are frequently attended by parties of ladies and gentlemen visitors.

A number of students expect to attend the Presidential Levee, which will be held at the White House on Tuesday evening next.

Professor Hotchkiss will deliver a lecture before the Literary Society at its next meeting on Friday evening, February 2d.

It is expected that Indian club swinging will shortly be added to the regular gymnasium drill.

Among the victims of the Newhall Hotel fire at Milwaukee, was Judge Reed, an uncle of Harry Reed of the Senior Class. LESTER MONTROSE.  
KENDALL GREEN, Jan. 21, '83.

#### Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society-1

DEAR EDITOR:—One of your items, in which "it was rumored that the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society has just been busted, and the Troy mutes are organizing a new society, which is to be known as 'Excelsior,'" caught my eye the other day. This story is a enigma from the beginning to the end. It is Mr. Witbeck, of Troy, who invented it, and planned the organization of a society, in Albany in opposition to the Troy Mute Society.

It is remembered that Mr. Witbeck was suspended from the society on the charge of improper actions towards its members. Our society has never been dissolved since its organi-

zation, and is considered as one of the best societies in the country.

Dear Readers, please excuse the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, as there has been a little of interest to write for the *JOURNAL*. We have quiet meetings, debates, lectures and societies, every two weeks successively.

John Saxton, of Troy, is to deliver a lecture before the society on the 17th of February.

Mr. Saxton promises to be a great artist, and he is at work in his studio, though he helps his father in business. Rev. Dr. Gallandet gave the society an interesting lecture on "Objects in Life," and there was a moderate number of mutes in attendance, last Saturday night, January 20th.

The Society will give Miss Hunter a sociable on the 31st inst.

A MEMBER.  
TROY, N. Y., Jan. 22, '83.

#### The Boston "Charity Fund Committee."

The Committee having in charge the Charity Fund of the late fair held two meetings, the first on the 4th and the second on the 11th instant. The first thing in order was the election of a Chairman and a Secretary, to which offices Wm. Lynde and Harry White were respectively chosen. No action was taken as to the disposal of the fund, the time of the Committee being taken up with the reading of Mr. Holmes' report and examining into his accounts, though this was not the course expected by them, and was only complied with in accordance with Mr. Holmes' special request.

The result of the investigation may be stated in the following resolutions, which were signed by all the members of the Committee:

"We, the undersigned members of the Charity Fund Committee, consider ourselves in no way responsible for the management of the late fair and its funds, previous to our assuming the charge of the proceeds. Neither do we expect to claim the right of looking into the accounts before that time. As Mr. Holmes has, however, laid his accounts open to us and requested us to investigate the same, we have carefully examined into every detail of them, and come to the conclusion, after comparing Mr. Holmes' own statements and his receipts bills, that the said accounts were fairly square."

WILLIAM LYNDE, Chairman.  
FRANK C. DAVIS, Treasurer.  
GEO. A. NEWHALL,  
HARRY WHITE.

At the close of the report, Mr. White resigned as a member from the Committee, leaving a vacancy that will probably be filled at the next meeting. Owing to the necessity of Mr. Newhall's leaving to catch the last train for South Weymouth, where he is staying with his friend, Ira H. Derby, the meeting was adjourned *sine die*.

#### A \$200.00 Biblical Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for February, among which is the following:

We will give \$200.00 in gold to the person telling us which is the middle verse in the Old Testament Scriptures by February 10th, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner February 15th, 1883. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the *March Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published. This may be worth \$200.00 to you; cut it out. Address *RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY*, Easton, Penna.

## A GRAND LEVEE AND ENTERTAINMENT

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

## Deaf-Mutes of Salem,

WILL BE HELD AT

CENTRAL HALL, SALEM, MASS.,

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 22, 1883.

The Rooms of the Salem Society, 223 Essex Street, will be open through the day, for the accommodation of all who may attend. Central Hall will be open at 6:30 p.m., and the Entertainment will begin at 8 p.m., sharp. Arrangements will be made so that both Mutes and their hearing friends can enjoy themselves.

A Banquet will be served by a Boston Caterer in the banquet room of the Hall, soon after the close of the performance, which will include a Laughable Sketch, Tableau, Ladder Acts, Light and Heavy Balancing, Juggling, and other amusements.

Dancing will also be indulged in, when the following programme will be carried out:

Promenade, Quadrille, Lanciers, Polka, Portland Fancy, Virginia Reel, Folk, Waltz, Schottische.

The Hall will be open all night, and no pains will be spared by the manager to secure the comfort and convenience of those attending. No priority will be admitted.

Prices will be as follows:

Admission to Levee, Gents, - - \$0.50  
" " Ladies, - - 25  
" " Children under 12, - - 15



## FANWOOD.

### Coasting Accident.

### AN AFTERNOON AT THE JUVENILE ASYLUM.

#### Waifs and Strays.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Robert C. Heller arrived here Wednesday last, and remained until Saturday.

Thursday last, a number of the boys, without the knowledge and consent of the proper authorities, took possession of a one-horse sleigh used to cart goods, etc., for the Institution, and dragged it to the top of the hill near the barn and piled in. The sport was enjoyed for some length of time, when it was brought to a sudden termination. George W. Wormeth, in some manner was knocked down and one of the runners of the sleigh, packed full of our largest and heaviest boys, passed over his ankle, breaking the bone. The unfortunate boy was immediately removed to the hospital, and from thence, as soon as possible, conveyed to Roosevelt Hospital.

Mr. A. L. E. Cronter and Miss Annie F. Snyder, of the Philadelphia Institution, were here the latter part of last week for a couple of days. Their object, we believe, was to get an insight into the methods of instruction, by signs and articulation, employed here. They also remained a couple of days at the Lexington Avenue School.

Already the boys are beginning to prepare for the masquerade on Washington's Birthday. The affair held last year eclipsed all previous events of the kind, and it is expected that '83 will "lower all previous records." Messrs. Elmer Ellsworth Smith, Wm. Ennis, Charles Washburn Stowell, George Sidney Porter and Anthony Capelli have the matter in charge in behalf of the boys.

Sore fingers, lame backs and barked shin bones, proclaim, among the boys, to what extent coasting is being indulged in. But who ever knew a boy to care for such petty trifles.

The Peet Literary Society raising money whereby to have a photograph of the members taken in a group. Pach will undoubtedly take it.

John Lloyd, Jr.'s, sister was married Thursday last. On Friday evening, John delighted the hearts and stomachs of the High Class boys with a liberal slice of the wedding cake. The same evening, he offered a prize for the most unpopular student. All voted for themselves except Anthony Capelli, who cast his ballot for Wm. Ennis in order to "go whacks" for the prize, which was a sickly looking banana.

Free Trade vs. Protection was debated before the Peet Literary Society Friday evening last. Protection won by a majority of three votes. George S. Porter championed Protection, and Anthony Capelli Free Trade.

At half past two, Friday afternoon last, the large sleigh connected with the Juvenile Asylum stopped at the Institution and the following officers and pupils immediately got in and were taken to the Asylum: Dr. Peet, Prof. Jones, Miss Prudence Lewis, Miss Myra L. Barrager, Messrs. Thomas, Ennis, Porter, Shanks, Becker, McCormick, Caton and two little fellows in the Mansion House; Misses Hawkins, Wells, Dillingham, Heller, Flint, Tailor, Fish, Craig and Penrose. The object was to give a short exhibition before the juveniles, who numbered eight hundred and fourteen.

The exercises opened with a Christmas song by the juveniles.

Dr. Peet then illustrated the first steps in instruction with the two boys from the Mansion House.

The next thing on the programme was the signing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by Minnie Flint, Ella Taylor, B. Fish, Angus Craig, Mary Penrose and Sallie Heller.

The juveniles probably appreciated Prof Jones' humorous sign personification of animals, their habits, etc., more than any thing else, as they kept up a continual roar of laughter throughout.

One of the Asylum Directors then put, orally, numerous questions to our advanced articulation pupils, Misses Hawkins and Wells, and Messrs. Porter, Becker and Shanks. The gentleman was surprised at the proficiency shown, and said he took an interest in all deaf-mutes, because he had an uncle who is deaf and dumb.

Mary Penrose illustrated the passions in a highly creditable manner. The poem, "Marsellaise," was rendered in a beautiful manner by Ella Dillingham.

The exhibition closed with the Dextology, rendered in concerted signs by the little girls.

Before leaving the chapel, the juveniles gave a calisthenic exercise, which was greatly appreciated by our pupils. The following was written by Jas. H. Caton, the blind mute:

"It is an unexpected pleasure for

me to visit this excellent Institution. These boys and girls are placed here so that they may be trained in the ways of truth and virtue. If they are, they will become good men and women. I hope that they shall be happy both in this world and in the next. Even I, though deaf and dumb and blind, shall be happy if I love God and try to do his will, but if I don't, I shall not be able to bear my sad misfortune."

The sleigh ride to and from the Institution, was greatly enjoyed by all.

Alex Pach is anxious to have it made known that the photographs Supervisor Howell destroyed were not taken at Pach's gallery.

Prof. Carrier accompanied Mr. Zimmermann to Chief Bates, of the New York Fire Department, and the Board of Underwriters, to interpret while he explained the advantages of his Portable Fire Tower. Chief Bates was much interested in it, as also were several other gentlemen connected with the Department.

Prof. Carrier was in Philadelphia for a few days last week. He accompanied his wife home.

Geo. T. Fisher saw "Buffalo Bill" Saturday last, and was "speechless" with admiration.

Many of the officers and teachers have received invitations to the Twi light Union Masquerade.

CHP.

#### Rev. Job Turner.

WARRENTON, CLATSOP COUNTY, VA., Jan. 15, 1883.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Last Saturday, I enjoyed the company of General Fitz Hugh Lee on board a train from Staunton to Charlottesville. To my great surprise and pleasure he could spell on his fingers as we do, and made himself an agreeable companion to me. General R. E. Lee was with him.

About five years ago, while I was in Columbia, S. C., I paid my state respects to Governor Hampton, now United States Senator, and he received me with unaffected kindness. Then he spelt out, "I am glad to see you," which surprised me not a little, and I found a very pleasant conversationalist in him. He said that he learned the manual alphabet from his deaf-mute nephew, Mr. Howell, now deceased, a graduate of the New York Institution.

When Dr. Gallaudet and I called on Governor Holiday, in Richmond, Va., he surprised us, by spelling out on his fingers "Glad to see you." I am at a loss to know how he got the alphabet.

I have had the pleasure of meeting several distinguished statesmen who could use our manual alphabet. The two-handed alphabet is, however, more common in this State, because Mr. Braidwood, who opened the first deaf-mute school on American soil, introduced it into this old dominion.

Last Saturday night, I set my foot in this little town, and was escorted to the rectory of St. John's Church, where I held the full morning service with the rector yesterday forenoon, as if I were not a mute. The rector and I officiated so clearly, that I made myself plainly understood by a large portion of the speaking congregation. The church was prettily decorated with evergreens.

I have many relatives by the name of Turner in this country, though I never had the pleasure of meeting with them, except one or two. My distant uncle, who served under Washington as an aid-de-camp during the whole Revolutionary War, settled down somewhere in this ancient country, and married Miss Lee, and Washington kissed the bride. His descendants have intermarried with Skinners, Carters, Paynes, Marshalls, and numerous others. Now the Turners, the Lees and their descendants fill the whole country. This county was Chief Justice John Marshall's home. In the court house here, they have a fine picture of the Chief Justice. I have seen it, and found it true to life. They say that it is the best likeness they have seen. I hope one day to get more information about my ancestors.

Ex-Gov. Smith, eighty-five years old, lives opposite to my quarters. This morning I went to pay him a formal call, but he was absent in Washington. He was once our good chief magistrate, and took an interest in the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution while I was connected with it as a teacher.

Yesterday afternoon I received a pleasant call from one of the most eminent lawyers in this place. He said he was very sorry that the institution at Staunton, Va., was in a deplorable condition without any good leader for the deaf and dumb pupils. Mr. Koller, just elected to fill Dr. Vaughn's place as principal is said to be a man of excellent accomplishments, but unfortunately he has no experience about the instruction of deaf-mutes. He is, I believe, well qualified to teach the blind only, and not the deaf and dumb. To remedy the troubles which have been continuing about thirty years, the blind department ought to be separated from the deaf-mute one, either of the departments remaining in the old institution and the other occupying a new institution. Col. Skinner, of Staunton, Va., has written a fine article as to the qualities that should mark the principal of the institution. He has a very warm attachment to the Institution, and is anxious that it should have an efficient head, for the good of the poor deaf-mutes. I cannot err in saying that the politics which have invaded the Institution are a great hindrance to the improvement of the deaf-mute

pupils. To teach the deaf and the blind is a part of God's mission.

I have looked at the town, and observed many pretty residences. The scenery around this place is pretty when the grass is green, and the trees are in leaf.

The rector with whom I am now staying, has in his possession a cup and saucer which Washington used. He is related to many distinguished statesmen who have trodden upon this soil. He can spell well on his fingers. He is somewhat deaf.

Curiosity has led me to the house where Col. J. S. Mosby used to live. He is now consul at Shanghai, China. I have just learned from a gentleman that the best chess player in Baltimore is a mute. His name is Alex G. Sellman, and he keeps a cigar store in that city. He can hear, but cannot speak. He has been playing with the champion of the world—Mr. Steinitz, not a mute.

Time admonishes me to stop writing. I leave town soon.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

#### An Open Letter to "Americans."

MY DEAR SIR: I noticed with the greatest astonishment what you said about the Revising Committee of the Guild of Silent Workers being "hopelessly entangled regarding religious observation. Somebody has been playing a joke on you. We had no trouble, religious or otherwise, with the Constitution. We had a single meeting, and framed and passed a Constitution in two hours. I handed said Constitution to Mr. Chamberlain at the last meeting of the Guild. It is no better than the old one whole, but we had to do something to please "the soreheads." The Executive Committee is ready and willing to go to work, but can not do so because some members, who are "too big for their boots," wish to have every thing their own way and act as a clog on the Committee. The only ones who complain are those who want to run the Guild according to their own ideas, and wish to dictate to the officers. I have no authority to speak for the other officers, but if any member wishes to resign, I will cheerfully give him my blessing, and I guess the Guild can spare them, at least we will try to.

Yours,  
CLEMENT R. THOMSON.  
Chairman Revising Committee.

#### IMPOSTORS.

A short time ago, a boy about sixteen years old, called at my residence, and sent a piece of paper, on which was written the following words: "Please help a poor dumb boy, has no Home, God will help you, I hope." I went out to see him, and asked him in signs if he was dumb. He looked considerably astonished and not a little frightened, and made no reply. I next tried the alphabet, and as he did not understand that, used signs again, but got no reply. Being convinced that he was an impostor, I bluntly told him so by means of speech, and ordered him to begone. That is not the first case of imposture that I have met with. Several years ago, another boy came to me pretending to be deaf, but he could neither use signs, the alphabet nor read from the lips, so of course I refused to help him. I afterwards heard that he had gone to a house over half a mile from my home begging, and the chances are that he begged at every house for miles.

Such cases do not deserve assistance, as it only encourages them to beg. They see that people pity them because they believe they are unfortunate, and so keep on imposing upon the public. A short time ago, I saw in one of the New York papers that a woman who has lost the use of her limbs, had made or rather begged a fortune of \$40,000. She was foreigner, and came to America with the intention of begging. Most New Yorkers have heard of Bretano, who keeps a book store on Broadway at Union Square. He is very unfortunate. He is a foreigner—a Frenchman, I believe. His hands are so twisted that it is out of the question for him to perform manual labor, and I believe he is lame too. When he first came to America, he could not find anything to do. A gentleman took pity on him and gave him ten dollars. With this capital he started a news-stand and by economy and strict attention to business is now well off. Contrast the impostors with Bretano.

Of course it is a duty to help the poor among us, but every one has not the time to make the necessary inquiries in regard to those who need assistance. The true way to help is to have organizations whose duty it is to seek out the deserving deaf poor and aid them. The officers of such organization should be trained to their work, and ought not to be men whose soft hearts would induce them to help those whom they knew were able to get along without aid, because they work on their sympathies. Very few comparatively of those that can hear, understand signs, so pretending to be deaf, is a favorite dodge. The impostor knows that he runs little risk of detection, and so is bold. The deaf should organize an association in every town to detect and put down those who pretend to be deaf and go around begging. It brings us all into disrepute. People meeting those impostors and genuine deaf-mutes of the begging kind, are very apt to "jump to the conclusion" that we are all "bad lot." It is easy enough to put down impostors who pretend to be deaf, if we all combine to do it. Let it be known that an organization has

been formed to help the deaf composed of deaf men, and when a man who says he is deaf applies for assistance to a person who knows of the organization, he is referred to it. If he really is deaf and in need of assistance he will apply for it, whereas, if he is an impostor, he will make himself conspicuous by his absence in a very short time.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

#### THE GREAT STATUE OF LIBERTY.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was recently held in New York to promote the subscription for the pedestal of Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the world," to be presented to the United States by the French nation and erected on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

Touching the magnitude of the proposed monument, Mr. Evarts said:

"The simple statue will be from the plinth to the top of the torch, one hundred and forty-five feet in height. From the water level up to the highest point in the span of the Brooklyn Bridge is but one hundred and thirty-five feet—ten feet less than a truly colossal statue. The dimensions of the plinth, the space occupied by the feet and drapery of the figure, is forty feet square—as large as a house. It is fitting that so noble a monument of skill and industry, so generous a contribution, should be framed as a munificent gift from the French people, as one of the evidences that the great international relations of value and importance between great countries are no longer maintained by courts and cabinets, but spring out of the intermingling pulses of the people.

"The great Colossus of Rhodes, known in its time as the seventh wonder of the world, was erected to show the gratitude of the Rhodians to the Egyptian king, who was their ally in war when their liberties were threatened by the King of Macedon. They were a small people, inhabiting an island of about four hundred and fifty square miles, but that great work of theirs was erected at a cost of three hundred talents, of the value then of between \$400,000 and \$500,000. It was about 105 feet high. This statue of Liberty Enlightening the World will be 145 feet high, appeared upon a pedestal of equal height, and will be, not the seventh wonder of the world, for the wonders of the world are never ceasing in number, but will be the wonder of the world as much greater than the Colossus of Rhodes as the world now, of which it will be the wonder, is greater than the world of the Mediterranean Sea in classic times. The largest modern statue is the one near Lake Maggiore, in Italy, erected to the great Christian saint, Charles Borromeo which, upon a pedestal forty feet in height, is in itself sixty-six feet high. Nothing in the history of the world has approached the greatness of this statue of Liberty.

Our genius did not conceive so great a statue; our art and our munificence have not contributed to its production. This great free gift we are simply called upon to receive, to place upon a prepetual site under the prepetual care provided by the Government of the United States, on a pedestal that comports in dignity and solidity with the statue it is to bear up, and which shall comport with the wealth and the number of these great cities, and this great country, and show our appreciation of the debt we can repay to France, and which she simply adds to by this magnificent gift. The number of those who will come hither to see the light of this commemorative statue, no man can count, and they shall not cease coming until liberty itself shall have ceased to enlighten the world, nor until this home of the free shall cease to attract the footsteps of the multitudes that seek this shrine and this safety for their love and exercise of liberty.

All the conditions of our acceptance of this great conception and great execution are already fixed. The French have spent \$250,000 upon the statue and the computation, without unnecessary expense, fixes the cost of the pedestal at \$200,000 to \$250,000."

#### Peculiarities of the Public Men.

What public men think regarding newspaper attacks upon them is a question no man can answer satisfactorily. We know how it is just before election—candidates display the liveliest interest in the newspaper fraternity. Many also keep regular political scrap books. One of the strongest points of the late President Garfield's studious life was his systematic compilation of newspaper facts, which were duly arranged, indorsed and filed for future use. On this account his opponents often found him formidable.

Some public men (but they are the exception) do not read what is said of them in the papers. General Butler evidently does. Dickens, I was once told by a person who should know, had in his later days the habit of skipping articles in the press that alluded to him. Near the close of his life, Webster did not desire his secretary to read to him even eulogistic articles concerning himself, as they were "not at all interesting to him," he had done his best through life, and this consciousness was more comforting to him than the good opinions of those who knew him not.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Indianapolis, - - January 28th.  
St. Louis, - - - - February 4th.  
Cleveland, (Ash) Wednesday  
- - - - - February 7th.

#### A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him, ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
Why should good words not be said  
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sing by any child of song.  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long.  
Why should one who thrills your heart  
Lack joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble, pleading tone,  
Join it. Do not let the seeker  
Bow before his God alone.  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling,  
From a sorrowing brother's eyes,  
Share them. And by sharing,  
Own your kinship with the skies.  
Why should any one be glad  
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh is rippling  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—  
For both grief and joy a place.  
There's health and goodness in the mirth  
In which an honest love has birth.

If your work is made more easy  
By a friendly helping hand,  
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
Ere the darkness veils the land.  
Should a brother workman die,  
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,  
All reaching as you go;  
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,  
He will make each seed to grow;  
So until its happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend.

#### A Mute Lover.

No words—not any. I could not speak;  
I only stood in the shadow there,  
And watched the light on her yellow hair.  
Ah, what to me was the eyelid's brown,  
To carry the news that he was wed,  
And strike her youth and her beauty dead.

But so it proved, and I took the proof  
From her pale pure cheek, while I spoke the word.  
Whiter and whiter, as she heard.  
Then, in the silence I kept aloof.  
Ah, what to me was the eyelid's brown,  
And the beautiful brow, with its pained, sweet frown?

Ah, what to me was the long eclipse  
Of the lovely, passionate, yearning eyes,  
Downward cast in a stern surprise;  
Or the quivering of soft, betraying lips  
That themselves told wide apart,  
And sent a sigh from the shuddering heart?

Ah, love—ah, darling! My voice was dumb,  
His friend and your friend—his, always his;  
But yours, sweet, never! For all that is  
Under the skies to change must come  
Ere I can say, I am your friend,  
Who am your lover until the end!

#### A Black Lie.

Mrs. Johnson Macey, one of the society ladies of Austin, sent the colored boy she has employed about the place to Mrs. Flapjack's boarding-house with a note. The boy came back in about an hour, and reported that Mrs. Flapjack was not in.

"Did you see her sister?"

"No, mum, she had done gone out, too."

"Well, then, did you not give the note to some of the boarders?"

"No, mum, de boarders had gone out, too."

"Well, you could have left the note with the cook?"

"De cook had done left, too."

"Well, now, you must go right back and see if there is not somebody about the place, and give them that note—do you hear?"

The boy hesitated, and the lady asked, impatiently:

"What are you waiting for?"

"Please, mum?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Please, mum, what street does she lib on?"—Texas Sayings.

BRASSEUR'S WAIVER.—Manager Dorrmeine pere gave a parting dinner to his company, and towards the end of the dessert Brasseur said to Lheritier:

"I'll lay you a wager that I'll disguise myself so completely that nobody here shall be able to recognize me—not even you;" on which he slipped out of the room. Five minutes later coffee was served. The waiter who poured it out—being a young fellow, with black whiskers, thick eyebrows, curly hair, and the bronzed complexion of a southerner—flurried no doubt by the quality of the assembled guests, committed clumsiness on clumsiness, upsetting a liquor glass here, a cup there, and finished by sending a great splash of scalding Moca on the shirt-front of the amphitryon.

A storm of reprobation was raised. "Donkey! Imbecile! Cretin!" "Can't you mind what you are about?" "Blunderhead! Brute! Oyster!" The unfortunate waiter excused himself as well as he could, with a strong Marsellaise accent. The incident was forgotten and conversation resumed. But after a few minutes, as if not knowing what he was doing, the offender took up a lump of sugar between his finger and thumb and dipped it in Lheritier's cup of coffee. The latter sprang to his feet enraged, seized the insolent waiter by the collar, and pushed him towards the door. But, with the turn of a hand, the other whipped off his wig and whiskers, and cried: "Sold, old comrade! Admit that you have lost the wager!"—The Theatre.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age, she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In the neighborhood, she is the friend and the benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to detain the bloom and beau-

ty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

#### A few simple remedies.

For croup, administer a teaspoonful of strong alum water; repeat the dose every fifteen minutes until free vomiting occurs. Put the feet and limbs in hot water, and then wrap up in flannel; place on the chest a poultice of corn meal sprinkled with mustard. Beware of cold draughts. As the attack departs, administer a dose of magnesia, rhubarb or castor oil. When children are liable to croup, always keep alum-water solution ready on the washstand.

Toothache may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of cotton saturated with ammonia to the defective tooth.

It may be useful to know that hoarseness may be relieved by using the white of an egg thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the dose.

There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so hard to bear, and so difficult to cure as earache. A remedy which never fails is a pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting, wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear. It will give immediate relief.

Remedy for chilblains.—Take a piece of lime the size of your double fist; put it in warm water and soak the feet in it as warm as it can be borne for half an hour.

For a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.

For chapped lips, mix two teaspoonfuls of clarified honey with a few drops of lavender water, or any other perfume, and anoint the lips frequently.

To remove warts, get a little bullock gall and keep it in a bottle, rub a little on the warts two or three times a day, and in a short time they will disappear.

Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.

Every man's work pursued steadily, tends to become an end in itself, and so to bring over the loveless chasm of his life.

Train your children in politeness and unselfishness in all little things, and the greater will come without an effort.

Though judgment is not so rare in youth as is generally supposed, those who do not possess it early are apt to miss it late.

Throughout the whole web of national existence we trace the golden thread of human progress toward a higher and better estate.

#### REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S APPOINTMENTS.

Trinity Church, Saugerties, N. Y., Friday evening, Jan. 19.

Troy Club, Saturday evening, January 20.

St. Paul's Chapel, Albany, Sunday, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

St. Paul's Church, Albany. Quarterly service for deaf-mutes, 2:30 P.M.

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